# *SONGS,*

## *DUETS, TRIOS,*

## *GLEES, CHORUSSES, &c.*

IN THE

## COMIC OPERA

OF THE

# WOODMAN.

*AS PERFORMED*

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

*COVENT-GARDEN.*

A NEW EDITION.

By Mr. BATE DUDLEY.

**London:**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BARKER,
DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

*(Price One Shilling.)*

Harding D981

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*THAT the* OPERA *of* THE WOODMAN *has been haſtily put together, its defects will but too plainly point out. To excite the admired talents of a* MUSICAL FRIEND, *ſuperſeded every other conſideration in this undertaking. In an endeavour to ſketch his ſcenes from Nature, if the Writer has failed, the demerit muſt be entirely his own. In this caſe, he can only lament, that the genius of a great* LYRIC COMPOSER *ſhould have been miſguided by his inability—but the pride of having firſt introduced the modeſt merit of* MR. SHIELD *to the Theatrical World, he muſt ſtill retain!*

*He was adviſed, to ſhelter himſelf under an aſſumed name, from ſome friendly apprehenſion on the ſcore of party prejudice; but this he thought unneceſſary.—The deciſion of an Engliſh Audience, is ſeldom regulated by unworthy motives; and perſonal reſentment is ſo invariably diſclaimed by candid Criticiſm, that to deprecate it on the preſent occaſion, would degrade, even the humility of a* DRAMATIC AUTHOR!

*Feb.* 26, 1791.

*N. B. The words adapted to two or three old* AIRS, *unavoidably partake of a broken, irregular meaſure.*

*DRAMATIS*

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

| | 1791. | 1808. |
|---|---|---|
| Sir Walter Waring — — | Mr. QUICK. — — — | Mr. MUNDEN. |
| Fairlop (the Woodman) — | Mr. BANNISTER. — — | Mr. BELLAMY. |
| Wilford — — — — | Mr. INCLEDON. — — | Mr. INCLEDON. |
| Capt. O'Donnel — — | Mr. JOHNSTONE. — — | Mr. TAYLOR. |
| Matt. Medley — — — | Mr. BLANCHARD. — — | Mr. BLANCHARD. |
| Bob the Miller — — — | Mr. WILLIAMSON. — | Mr. EMERY. |
| Filbert — — — — | Mr. CROSS. — — — | Mr. WILDE. |
| | | |
| Emily — — — — | Miss DALL. — — — | Mrs. DICKONS. |
| Dolly — — — — — | Mrs. MARTYR. — — | Mrs. LISTON. |
| Miss Di Clackit — — | Mrs. WEBB. — — — | Mrs. DAVENPORT. |
| Polly — — — — — | Miss HUNTLEY. — — | Miss DE CAMP. |
| Bridget — — — — | Mrs. CROSS. — — — | Mrs. WATTS. |

FEMALE ARCHERS, FORESTERS, &c.

# SONGS, &c.

IN THE

# WOODMAN.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

AIR I.—*Medley*—BLANCHARD.

IN the World's crooked path where I've been,
There to ſhare of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright ſun-ſhine that ſoften'd the ſcene
Was—*a ſmile from the girl of my heart!*

Not a ſwain, when the lark quits her neſt,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be bleſt
With—*a ſmile from the girl of his heart!*

Come then croſſes and cares, as they may,
Let my mind ſtill this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is—*a ſmile from the girl of his heart!*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

### AIR II.—QUARTETTO.

*Fairlop, Emilly, Dolly, and Polly.*

FOR all thy boons below,
Oh ruddy HEALTH! to thee
Thus ever, ever flow
The grateful ſtrains of Induſtry!

*CHORUS of Woodmen.*

FROM Labour's ſons around
The woodlands catch the ſound;
While ſongſters blithe on ev'ry ſpray,
Attune their voices to our roundelay!

### AIR III.—*Emily*—Mrs. DICKONS.

ZEPHYR, come thou playful minion,
Greet with whiſpers ſoft mine ear!
Hence! each breeze of ruder pinion,
Tell me I have nought to fear!

Gently, ZEPHYR, wing him over,
Tho' I ne'er behold him more;
With the breath of ſome young lover,
Waft him to his native ſhore!

AIR

AIR IV.——*Fairlop*—BELLAMY.

ON Freedom's happy land
My taſk of duty done,
With *Mirth's* light-hearted band
Why not the lowly *Woodman* one?

Tho' Fortune's ſmile our groves forſake,
Mirth may be left behind;
For wealth can neither give, nor take
This treaſure of the mind!

*On Freedom's happy land*, &c.

Come Cheerfulneſs, with blitheſome gait,
Trip by the peaſant's ſide;
While Care—in cold, and ſullen ſtate,
Sits on the brow of pride.

*On Freedom's happy land*, &c.

---

AIR V.——*Dolly.*

THERE's a ſomething in kiſſing—I cannot tell why
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breaſt high:
For nine times in ten,
So teazing
And pleaſing,
We find thoſe rude creatures—the dear kiſſing men,
That we wiſh it repeated again, and again!

Though

Though a kiſs ſtop my breath, oh! how little
care I,
Since a woman at ſome time or other muſt die?
For nine times in ten,
So teaſing,
And pleaſing,
We find thoſe rude creatures—the dear kiſſing
men,
That we wiſh it repeated again, and again!

---

## SCENE III.

---

### AIR VI.—GLEE.

*Emily, Dolly, Medley, and Bob.*

WHAT is LOVE?—an odd compound of
ſimples moſt ſweet,
Cull'd in life's ſpring by fancy—poor mortals to
cheat;
A paſſion—no eloquence yet could improve,
So a ſigh beſt expreſſes the paſſion of *Love!*

AIR

AIR VII.—*Medley.*

SAY what kind of revenge ſhall I take?
Shall I quit her—and ſee her no more?—
'Tis a pity at once to forſake
What we've learnt a long while to adore!

If I tell her, for life we muſt part,
Ten to one if it gives her much pain!
Should ſhe feel it—my own rebel heart
Will fly to her ſuccour again!

---

## SCENE IV.

AIR VIII.—*Wilford.*

THE ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my *Emily* knew;
How oft has its courſe been forgot
While it paus'd, her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond ſilver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For ſilently ſwelling with pride—
It reflected her back to the ſkies!

## SCENE V.

AIR IX.——*Sir Walter Waring.*

SURELY woman's a powerful creature
In every ſtage of her life,
So arm'd at all points, by dame Nature,
As Maiden—Miſs—Widow—or Wife!

In her bloom, ev'ry glance ſhe ſhoots thro' you;
Ever after, her larum's well ſtrung:—
And ſure is that force to ſubdue you,
Which ſhifts from the eye to the tongue!

## SCENE VI.

AIR X.——*Polly.*

WHEN firſt I ſlipp'd my leading ſtrings—to pleaſe her little POLL,
My mother bought me at the fair, a pretty waxen *Doll;*
Such ſloe-black eyes, and cherry cheeks, the ſmiling dear poſſeſt,
How could I kiſs it oft enough—or hug it to my breaſt?

No ſooner I could prattle it, as forward Miſſes do,
Than how I long'd, and ſigh'd to hear—my Dolly prattle too;
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, and dreſs'd her very gay,
And yet the ſulky huſſy not a ſyllable would ſay.

* "Provok'd that to my queſtions kind, no an-
"ſwer I could get,
"I ſhook the little huſſey well—and whipt her
"in a pet:—
"My mother cry'd, Oh fie upon't—pray let your
"doll alone,
"If e'er you wiſh to have a pretty baby of your
"own!"

My head on this I bridled up, and threw the play-thing by,
Although my ſiſter ſnubb'd me for't—I know the reaſon why—
I fancy ſhe would wiſh to keep the ſweet-hearts all her own,
But that ſhe ſhan't, depend upon't—when I'm a woman grown!

* *This verſe it omitted in repreſentation.*

AIR

AIR.——*Captain O'Donnell.*

OH! a French fœderation,
Or courtier's oration,
Is all botheration,
To you *Bob*, and me!—
But what's more inviting,
My own heart delighting,
Faith better than fighting,
I'll tell you—d'ye ſee.
Why, the ſnug little bleſſings that moſt men deſire
The girl we can love—and the friend we admire!
But the ſight above all, would you feel, my lad, here below,
Make the warm flame of gratitude tenderly overflow!

Tho' drones heap with pleaſure
Wealth's miſchievous meaſure,
Faith that is no treaſure,
—To you *Bob*, or me!—
*But what's more inviting*, &c.

---

AIR XII.——*Bob.*

MY heart is as honeſt, and brave as the beſt
My body's as ſound as a roach,
Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was dreſt,
Nor ſtuck up my nob in a coach:
If Fortune refuſes to flow with my ſtream,
My ſacks with her riches to fill,
Why ſurely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame—
And not honeſt *Bob of the Mill.*

My

My breaſt is as artleſs, and as blithe as my lay,
From my cottage Content never flies;
She is ſure to reward the fatigue of the day,
And I know how to value the prize:
Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her hand,
The world it may wag as it will;
I defy the firſt 'Squire, or Lord of the Land,
To diſhonour plain *Bob of the Mill!*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

### AIR XIII.—*Emily.*

SWEET inmate—Senſibility!
How pure thy tranſports flow,
When even grief that ſprings from thee,
Is luxury in woe!
Without thee—where's the ſigh of love,
Or bluſh by grace refin'd?——
Where Friendſhip's ſacred tear to prove
The triumph of the mind?

RONDEAU—*Sweet inmate, &c.*

### AIR XIV.—*Fairlop.*

Good lack-a-day!
I would not for the land I hold,
Nor ſacks brim-full of Britiſh gold
My truſt betray:—
I'll do ſuch deeds for no man!
My maxim is to do my beſt
To make each creature round me bleſt—
Much more—a helpleſs Woman!

AIR

AIR XV.——TRIO.

Sir *Walter*, *Medley*, and *Bob*.

ALL—Hard is the taſk in one decree,
To blend
*Medley* ———Law!
*Bob* ———Love!
*Sir Walter*———and Clemency!
ALL—But where they equally prevail,
Let ſoft Compaſſion turn the ſcale!

---

SCENE VIII.

AIR XVI.——*Dolly*.

WHEN next you view the lily blow,
Or on wild heath the driven ſnow
Toſs'd rudely by the wind—
Tell me then, which you would compare
To her—who with a form that's fair,
Adds ſtill a fairer mind!

AIR XVII.——DUET.

*Medley and Dolly*.

*Medley*. Having brought my ſuit to iſſue,
I may venture cloſe to kiſs you,
Lovely *Dolly!*—deareſt *Doll!*
Ever ſinging *toll-de-roll*. [*Ad lib*.

*Dolly*.

*Dolly.* Aye! but when my charms are falling,
Shall I then ſtill hear you calling
" Lovely *Dolly!*—deareſt *Doll!*
" Ever ſinging *toll-de-roll?* &c."

*Medley.* You're a woman,
*Dolly.* You're a man, Sir,

*Both.* Hold your head up now, my dear.
Such a match for you, how clever!
You'll be envy'd far and near,
Ever ſinging *toll-de-roll*, &c. [*Ad lib.*

---

## SCENE IX.

### AIR XVIII.—*Emily.*

ANDANTE.

HEAR me! and comfort ſhall your ſteps attend;
Leave not the man of worth without a friend!

ALLEGRO.

Oh! the rapture of poſſeſſing
Power to diſpenſe a bleſſing,
Or to raiſe a proſtrate foe;
God-like he!—the deed concealing—
Who, with ſmypathetic feeling,
Softens but one ſigh of woe!

AIR

AIR XIX.—*Sir Walter Waring*—Mr. MUNDEN.

WHAT mortal e'er ſaw ſuch a creature?
How prettily turn'd ev'ry feature!
A mouth chaſtely ſimple!
A chin deck'd with dimple,
A cheek that diſcloſes
Full-blown damaſk-roſes,
With a lip like a ruby that's brought from afar,
And an eye—that out-twinkles the bright morning ſtar!

---

## SCENE X.

AIR XX.—GLEE.

*Emilly, Dolly, Capt. O'Donnel, Medley, and Bob.*

OH, Miſtreſs Coy! where art thou roving?
Oh! ſtay and hear thy true-love coming,
That can ſing both high, and low.
Trip no farther, pretty ſweeting,
Journeys end in lover's meeting,
Ev'ry wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Seek for love—but not hereafter;
Preſent mirth has preſent laughter;
What's to come is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Fleet not bliſs, then, ſweet, and plenty,
Youth's a ſeaſon won't endure!

* The Author thought he might, with leſs preſumption, ſlightly alter theſe original words of SHAKESPEAR, to make them incidental to the Scene, than adapt others, which would probably have impaired the Melody of this charming GLEE.

## SONG *(Introduced).—Capt. O'Donnel.*

Och Love is the ſoul of a neat Iriſhman,
He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can,
With his Sprig of Shillela and Shamrock ſo green;
His heart is right honeſt, he's open and ſound,
No malice nor envy is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
He loves, och he loves, for in that he delights,
With his Sprig of Shillela and Shamrock ſo green.

Who has e'er had the luck to ſee Donnybrook fair,
An Iriſhman all in his glory is there,
With his Sprig of Shillela, &c.
His clothes ſpick and ſpan new, without e'er a ſpeck,
A nice Barcelona tied round his neat neck,
He goes to a tent, and ſpends half a crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, & for love knocks him down,
With his Sprig of Shillela, &c.

In the ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart ſoft with whiſkey, his head ſoft with blows,
With a Sprig of Shillela, &c.
He meets with his Shelagh, who frowning a ſmile,
Cries "Get you gone, Pat," yet conſents all the while,
To Church they ſoon go, and nine months after that,
A young baby cries, "How do ye do, father Pat?"
With your Sprig of Shillela, &c.

Long life to the Land that gave Patrick his birth,
To the Land of the Oak, and its neighbouring earth,
With a Sprig of Shillela, &c.
May the Sons of the Thames, the Tweed, & the Shannon,
Thraſh the foes that would plant on their confines a cannon,
United and happy at Liberty's ſhrine,
May the Roſe and the Thiſtle long flouriſh and twine,
Round the Sprig of Shillela, &c.

AIR XXII.—*Miſs Di Clackit.*

YOUNG women ſhould ſhun tittle-tattle;
Like ſun-dials, never ſhould prattle;
Juſt tell what they're aſk'd and be ſtill;
But girls are ſo idle,
Their tongue they won't bride,
So gallop it goes like the clack of a mill.

We gentry you never hear rattle
Like furies engag'd in a battle;
Of talking we ſoon have our fill:
*But girls are ſo idle, &c.*

---

AIR XXIII.—*Capt. O'Donnel.*

OH, fear not, my courage, prov'd over and over!
Your ſoldier will rout each impertinent lover;
With a row-dow! I'll guard you—the foe ſhall your preſence fly,
Who to fall in love here—muſt have tumbled, faith, pretty high!

With wide-ſpreading charms, like the *Lake of Killarney*,
Dear creature, oh! liſten to none of their blarney.
*With a row-dow, &c.*

Your

Your true-hearted lad is come galloping to you:
Oh! the *Salmon-leap's* nought to his flight to purſue you.

*With a row-dow*, &c.

Your ſhort date of beauty—your glib tongue contraſting,
Like our own *Giant's-Cauſeway*, will prove everlaſting!

*With a row-dow*, &c.

---

## SCENE XI.

### AIR XXIV.—TRIO.

*Capt. O'Donnel, Medley, and Bob.*

SHOULD Mirth be obſerv'd by her ſons to decline,
They recruit her bright lamp, with a flaſk of good wine!
When the glaſs circles round, and our ſpirits improve,
How ſweet flows the bumper—to Friendſhip, and Love!

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III. SCENE XII.

### AIR XXV.—*Wilford.*

'TIS in vain for ſuccour calling,
Hope no more my boſom cheers!
Cruel Fate that bliſs appalling,
With her ſcroll of joyleſs years!
Come, Deſpair! and Diſtraction confound me!
Add ſtill to my life's wretched load;
And while your mix'd horrors ſurround me,
This deſert of wildneſs ſhall be my abode!

### AIR XXVI.——*Capt. O Donnell.*

BY her own lovely ſelf, that's my choice, and delight;
By that form I could gaze on from morning till night;
By that boſom, ſo prettily veil'd from my ſight,
I ſwear to adore the dear creature!
*I ſwear to adore, &c.*

By the ſmiles on that cheek, I could ever careſs;
By the ſtars, which her forehead ſo brilliantly dreſs;
By thoſe lips, which—my own pair would willingly preſs,
I ſwear to adore the dear creature!
*I ſwear to adore, &c.*

SCENE

## SCENE XIII.

---

### AIR XXVII.—Full Chorus.

HAIL to the vine of Britain's vale!
Whoſe ſtores refine her nut-brown ale
Till that like nectar flows;
Whoſe virtues—to this iſle confin'd,
Are ſent to cheer a Briton's mind,
Too gen'rous for his foes!

---

### AIR XXVIII.—Quartetto.

*Miſs Di Clackit, Sir Walter Waring, Medley, and Capt. O'Donnel.*

*Medley & Capt. O'Donnell.* MARK! how the cooing pair draw near!
*Miſs Di Clackit.* Why, Captain?
*Sir Walter Waring* ——————Emily!
*Both.* ——————I'm here!
Where are you? Here in half-drown'd ſtate!
*Medley & Capt. O'Donnell.* Hark, the old ring-dove calls his mate!

AIR

## AIR XXIX.—DUET.

*Sir Walter Waring and Capt. O'Donnell.*

*Capt. O'Don.*—THE dreadful weapons chooſe, Sir!
*Sir Walter War.*—No, that I muſt refuſe, Sir;
We'll bring enough,
Then fight in buff,
'Twill make important news, Sir!

Sword! pike! and hand-grenade!
Will prove us not afraid,
With theſe { *O'Don.* try well / *Sir Wat.* you think } to hack me.
But being brave,
I'll only have
*Capt. O'Don.*—My honors' ſelf! / *Sir Walt.*—Twelve conſtables! } to back me!

SCENE

## SCENE XIV.

---

### AIR XXX.—Sestetto.

*Medley, Bob,* and *Female Archers.*

*Female Arch.* Oh ſweet / But mind / Come Dear } Mr. Medley, I ſay!
*Medley.* What the duce is the matter?
*Bob.* How neatly they prattle!
*Medley.* If you keep ſuch a clatter,
*Bob.* What ſweet pretty prattle!
*Medley.* No game in the foreſt will ſtay,
*F. Arch. & Bob.* ——— Oh fie!
*Medley.* But hence it will fly,
To Old Nick in a trice to get out of your way!

*Female Arch.* Oh ſweet / But mind / Come dear } Mr. Medley, I ſay!
*Medley.* Now don't ſtretch your lungs—
*Female Arch.* We mind not your ſneers:
*Medley.* For to all your glib tongues
Little Huſſies you know,
*F. Arch. & Bob.* Come pray let us go!
*Medley.* I've only but one pair of ears
*Med. & Bob.* ——— Pretty dears!

AIR

AIR XXXI.—*Medley.*

Come laſſes! follow me,
With merry glee,
To ſports of Woodland archery!

CHORUS *of Female* ARCHERS.

With merry glee,
We follow thee,
To ſports of Woodland Archery!

---

## SCENE XV.

AIR XXXII.—GLEE.

*Emily, Dolly, and Bob.*

HARK—the Bugle's ſylvan ſtrain,
Calls us to the ſportive plain,
Scene of artleſs love!
Shepherds—faithful tales advancing,
Maidens hearts in tranſport dancing,
Happy may they prove!
How bliſsful then the Wood-nymphs green retreat,
Where Love and Innocence enraptur'd meet!

---

AIR XXXIII.—CHORUS.

TO Beauty's ſhaft the prize decree,
In ſtrains of antient minſtrelſy!

## AIR XXXIV.—*Wilford.*

OH tell me *Memory!* no more
What woe in baniſhment was mine—
What pain this lab'ring boſom bore,
Compell'd its treaſure to reſign!

But tell me Memory—more kind,
The envy'd tranſports I regain;
Record them on my grateful mind,
That not a ſorrow may remain!

## DUET (*Introduced*).—*Wilford and Emily.*

Together let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apples cluſtering bough;
There in cloſe embower'd ſhades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.
*We'll love, &c.*

## VAUDEVILLE.

### CHORUS.

TUNE the pipe, and ſtrike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands;
This is not a time for labour,
While young Joy on tip-toe ſtands!

---

*Sir Walter Waring to Emily.*

JUSTICE bids me now befit you,
Blind to all your roguiſh charms;
So I'll certainly *commit* you—
To an honeſt huſband's arms!
*Tune the pipe*, &c.

DUET.—*Wilford, and Emily.*

Fearleſs now our vows are plighted,
Hence the clouds of ſorrow fly!
Love, and Conſtancy united,
Thus reſtore a tranquil ſky.
*Tune the pipe*, &c.

DUETT.—*Dolly, and Medley.*

*Med.*—Dolly, mind you love me dearly!
*Doll.*—Never fear if you are true:
*Med*—Scolding,
*Doll.*—Chiding, } I ſhall take but queerly,
*Both.*—Sulky fits will never do!
*Tune the pipe*, &c.

*Captain O'Donnel.*

Marriage faith's a pretty notion,
If you could but change a wife;
But a ſoldier loves promotion—
Not a warm campaign for life!
*Tune the pipe*, &c.

*Fairlop.*

'Though my Woodland thus you plunder,
Of the ſweeteſt plant that grew,
At the loſs I cannot wonder—
May it better thrive with you.

*FULL CHORUS.*

Tune the pipe, and ſtrike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands;
This is not a time for labour,
While young joy on tip-toe ſtands!

FINIS.

J. BARKER, Printer, Great Ruſſell-ſt. Covent-garden.

## *DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,*

No. 19, Great Ruſſell Street, Covent Garden.

J. BARKER reſpectfully informs the Public, that he has a Collection of PLAYS on Sale, which, conſidered either as to its Extent or Rarity, has ſcarcely been equalled, having been upwards of Thirty Years accumulating and conſiderably enriched from the Libraries of

| | |
|---|---|
| —— SHELDON, ESQ. | MR. HENDERSON |
| MAJOR PEARSON | DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER |
| DR. WRIGHT | DR. FARMER |
| MR. DODD | G. STEEVENS, ESQ. |
| MR. MACKLIN | MR. FORSTER, *&c. &c.* |

In this Aſſemblage will be found the ORIGINAL Editions of our moſt valuable Writers; as,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| SHAKESPEARE | MIDDLETON | SHIRLEY |
| JONSON | WEBSTER | DAVENANT |
| CHAPMAN | BEAUM.&FLETCHER | GLAPTHORNE |
| HEYWOOD | MASSINGER | KILLIGREW, &c &c |

Subjoined to theſe, are the more modern AUTHORS to which every Article is added, as ſoon as publiſhed,

---

*This Day is publiſhed,*

PRICE FIFTEEN SHILLINGS,

A New Edition, with very large Editions, of

## COMMENTS

ON THE

## Several Editions of Shakeſpeare's Plays,

Extended to thoſe of MALONE and STEEVENS.

*By the Right Hon. JOHN MONK MASON.*

Printed for J. BARKER, *(Dramatic Repoſitory)* Great Ruſſell-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

*Alſo, A few Remaining Copies of*

MURPHY's WORKS, 7 vol.

MASSENGER's WORKS, 4 vol. With Critical and Explanatory Notes, by Gifford

## *BOOKS SOLD BY J. BARKER,*

## GREAT RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, with the Notes of various Commentators, prepared for the Press by G. Steevens, Esq. edited by J. Reed, Esq. 21 vol. 8vo.

SCENE PLATES FOR THE ILLUSTRATION OF SHAKESPEARE, finely engraved by Hall, Grignion, &c. &c. 38 in Number, worked off on Royal Paper, 15s

THE HISTRIONADE, OR THEATRIC TRIBUNAL, a Poem, descriptive of the principal Performers at both Houses, by the late Mr. Thomas Dermody, 2s 6d

MASON ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, with an Appendix on Shakespeare, 9s

BARKER's COMPLETE LIST OF PLAYS, exhibiting, at one View, the Title, Size, Date and Author, from the Commencement of Theatrical Performances to 1803, 5s

VICTOR's HISTORY OF THE THEATRES OF LONDON AND DUBLIN, from 1730, with an Annual Register, from 1712, 3 vol. 9s

COOKE's ELEMENTS OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM, containing an Analysis of the Stage, Instructions for succeeding in the Art of Acting, &c. 3s 6d

FIELDING'S WORKS, 10 vol. *new edition*, 4*l.*

VANBRUGH's PLAYS, 2 vol. 6s

CIBBER's PLAYS, 5 vol. 15s

ROWE's PLAYS, 2 vol. 6s

CONGREVE'S PLAYS, 2 vol. 6s

ODES OF SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, 3s 6d

LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON, *portrait*, 3s 6d

ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET, 1s

MACKLIN's MAN OF THE WORLD, AND LOVE A-LA-MODE, finely printed in quarto, beautiful portrait of the Author, 7s 6d

WALKER's MEMOIRS OF ITALIAN TRAGEDY, plates, neatly printed in quarto, 14s

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MODERN DRAMATISTS, containing all the interesting Sentiments, Speeches, &c. of the most favourite Dramas of our present Authors, alphabetically arranged, with five Portraits, 2 vol. 6s

BRITISH ESSAYISTS, 45 vol. 7l

JOHNSON's WORKS, 12 vol. 4*l.*

JOHNSON's LIVES OF THE POETS, *plates*, 4 vol. 12s

Printed by J. BARKER, Great Russell-Street, Covent Garden.